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THE  
SINE-CURE.

A  
POETICAL PETITION

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT WALPOLE, Esq;

FOR THE

Government of *Duck-Island*, in St. James's Park.

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— *Faciet hæc Otia nobis.*

VIRG.

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L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year M. DCC. XXV.

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POETICAL PETITION

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT WALPOLE, Esq;

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— *Illius Aram*

*Sæpe tener nostris e Canalibus imbuet Anas.* VING.

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WEARY'D with *vain* Pursuits, and *humble* grown,  
*Sad* in the Country, and too *poor* for Town,  
O how I long, in some soft, silent, Seat,  
To taste calm Quiet, in serene Retreat ;  
Where Books, and Ease, and Time for serious Thought,  
May make Wit *Wisdom*, e'er I'm good for Nought !

WALPOLE

WALPOLE, to Thee, the Muse, afflicted, flies,  
 And, from the Deep, like Ship-wreck'd JONAH, cries.  
 Thou, the Right-Hand of Fortune, form'd to give,  
 Let Me not Die, before I've learn'd to Live !

I, not for Lordly Post, or Pension, plead——  
 (Sure, Heav'n will my reduc'd Desires succeed !)  
 St. JAMES'S *Wilderness*, the *Park's* fair *Isle*,  
 Wou'd crown my Wish, and Care's long Hand beguile.  
 On that delightful, and sequester'd, Spot,  
 Fitted for me, as *Zoar* was for LOT !  
 I'd full Content and Satisfaction find,  
 And cultivate the Garden of my Mind.  
 Like good \* St. EVREMONT, I'd grow a *Sage*,  
 And War with Nonsense, Vice, and Folly, wage :

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\* *Monsieur de St. EVREMONT was preferr'd to the Government of Duck-Island, by King CHARLES II. and had a considerable Yearly Pension allow'd him.*



*And*  
~~But~~, cabin'd safe, in Solitude and Peace,  
 Think who's at *Helm*, nor fear the Storm's Increase.

What Princely Pleasure, in that envied Scene,  
 To hold high Empire o'er the peopled Green!  
 Each rosy Morn the rising SUN to wait,  
 And walk, with him, around my *Orb*, in State!  
 My Subject *Ducks* should watch my gracious Will,  
 And passive *Geese* shou'd owe me ev'ry Quill.  
 To each, in Order, traversing my Land,  
 I'd tofs due Blessings, with impartial Hand.  
*Birds* shou'd by Love, and *Beasts* by Fear, obey:  
 But all pay Tribute, in th' Imperial Way.  
 Yet no *Tyrannick Pow'r* shou'd pinch their *Right*,  
 Nor *bold Rebellion* wing their Wills for *Flight*.

Still I'd adorn my *State* with something new,  
 Prune its wild *Prospects*, and inlarge its *View* ;  
*Mazes* of knotty *Politicks* invent,  
 And, in each open Quarter, plant *Content*.  
 Then, when dispos'd for solitary Thought,  
 Inspir'd by Leisure, and by Duty taught,  
 I'd run thro' Nature, and the Causes find,  
 Which lift some single Souls above Mankind ;  
 Which, thro' descending Ages, lengthen Fame,  
 And mark a TULLY's, or a WALPOLE's, Name.

Kindling, at This, to a sublimer Fire,  
 My grateful Heart might teach me to aspire ;  
 Smit with my Country's Love, might Truth pursue,  
 And charm an unborn Race, by painting *You*.



Exhaustless Store my subject *Isle* contains,

For apt Allusions to adorn my Strains.

In narrow Compass, what is not compriz'd?

BRITANNIA'S Sea-girt Land Epitomiz'd!

From crowded Scenes of great AUGUSTA rent,

As our blest Climate, from the *Continent*!

A Colony of feather'd People! Where

(If we, with great, may smaller Things compare)

I, like a *Bishop*, wou'd o'er-see my *Cure*,

Or govern, like a *King* — in Miniature!

When my few Friends to visit me shou'd please,

How sweet to walk betwixt embow'ring Trees!

Trees, that shou'd nod, observant, as I pass,

And yield as humble Homage, as the Grass!

Or, soft-reclining, in a short Repose,  
 (Plucking furrounding Fruitage, as it grows)  
 I, to these Friends, instructive — but not vain,  
 Wou'd, like St. JOHN in *Patmos*, Truth explain;  
 Teach them, That Happiness in Silence reigns,  
 And builds her bow'ry Seats on peaceful Plains;  
 While they tell News of Mischiefs Hourly known  
 In publick *Place*, and the promiscuous Town;  
 And every Word, they speak, confirms my own.

But shou'd my *Patron* deign to leave the *Court*,  
 And humbly to my *Hermitage* resort,  
 Ambitious, I my self wou'd waft him o'er,  
 And hail his Presence on my happy Shore.  
 There might he, safe, unbend his active Mind,  
 Or form, perhaps, some Scheme to bless Mankind.



Then wou'd the Golden Age be mine again,  
 And CHARLES's shou'd be lost in GEORGE's Reign.

How pleas'd is Fancy! How do Dreams delight?  
 And, ah! what Pity mine shou'd prove a Bite!  
 Hear me, Thou ATLAS of our leaning State ——  
 Consent, at least, to make *one Poet* great.  
 On Thee, the MUSES then shall fix their Eye,  
 And, for Thy Glory, whole PARNASSUS vie.  
 To guard our Hopes has been the Hero's Pride!  
 'Tis good to have the *Poets* on *Thy Side*.  
 I, for Return, will Yearly Homage pay,  
 And hail the Rising of Thy Natal Day.  
 Nor only This —— but, now and then, afford  
 A *Trout*, or *Duck*, to dignify thy Board.

'Tis done! — I hear the Royal Mandate giv'n —

" Let MITCHELL have his poor Poetic Heav'n,

" And, to support his Government, we grant

" Twice Fifty Pounds *per Annum* — All I want!

Boy, fill the Bowl — 'tis Decent to be glad —

HOMER, on less Occasion, had run Mad.

J. M.

F I N I S.





